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# GARLAND,

CONTAINING

## Six Choice Songs.

- 1 Then farewell my trim built wherry
- 2 On Entick's green meadow
- 3 A whimsical farmer in Cheshire
- 4 'Twas summer so softly
- 5 In summer when the leaves were green
- 6 Sailors they get all the money



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POOR TOM.

1 **T**HEN farewel my trim built wherry,  
Oars and coat and badge, farewel  
Never more at Chelsea ferry,  
Shall your Thomas take a spell.

2 But to hope and peace a stranger,  
In the battle's heat I go;  
Where expos'd to ev'ry danger,  
Some frendly ball shall lay me low.

3 Then may-hap, when homeward steering  
With the news my mess-mate come;  
Even you, the story hearing,  
With a sigh may cry—poor Tom!



ENTICK'S GREEN MEADOW.

1 **O**N Entick's green meadow where innocence reigns,  
Where pleasure sports freely & plenty presides,  
I romp'd with the maidens and pretty young swains,  
And Ralph fancy'd soon he should call me his bride.  
2 When I first heard the drum with a row dow dow,  
Its music was sweeter than soft serenade,  
I scorn'd all the maids for the row dow dow  
And sigh'd for the captain with smart cockade.

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When first I saw him he march'd o'er the green,  
 His men all behind him by two and by two,  
 Such a sight in our village had never been seen,  
 The men all in ranks were drawn up to our view;  
 When I first heard the drum with a row dow dow,  
 Young Cupid awaken'd, such a bustle he made,  
 My heart beat a march with a row dow dow,  
 And went o'er to the captain with smart cockade.  
 My face took his fancy, he swore at my feet,  
 All his laurels he'd lay if I'd give him my hand,  
 What maid could refuse a young lover so sweet!  
 So I march'd to the church at the word of command.  
 Now my heart beats the march with a row dow dow,  
 I never repented the vow I then made,  
 No music to me like the row dow dow,  
 Nor youth like the captain with smart cockade.

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# The POLITIC FARMER!

A Whimsical farmer in Cheshire they say,  
 Determin'd no tax for his horse he would pay;  
 So he saddled his cow, and then trotted away,  
 How hard are the taxes of England,  
 Yet for freedom we still cry huzza!  
 With his chickens and eggs how he gallop'd along,  
 And snapping his fingers d—d P—t in his song;  
 What mortal will say that the farmer was wrong,  
 For hard are the taxes, &c.  
 Our day-light is tax'd, and our bread and our beer,  
 New taxes indeed we find every New Year;  
 And a budget again we shall have, never fear,  
 How hard are the taxes, &c.

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A tax upon gloves, and a tax upon hats,  
 (To suffer such taxes we surely are flats);  
 I wonder, indeed there's no tax upon sprats,  
 O the d——d taxes, &c.

What next must be tax'd sure must puzzle their wit,  
 Pump water perhaps their fancies may hit,  
 For tax upon tax is the method of P——t,  
 Curse light on the taxes, &c.

The dress of the ladies, their ribbons and ruffs,  
 Their pins and their needles, their tippets and muffs,  
 No doubt he will tax, with their silks and their stuffs.  
 Curse light on the taxes, &c.

A tax upon eggs, upon hens, upon cocks,  
 A tax upon doors, upon boxes, and locks;  
 And a tax upon tongues to silence Charles Fox.  
 O bravo the taxes, &c.

Thus the farmer sung as he trotted away,  
 Determin'd no tax for his horse he would pay;  
 His heart it was light, and he vow'd to be gay.  
 In spite of the taxes, &c.

## BANKS of the DEE.

T WAS summer so softly the breezes were blowing,  
 And sweetly the nightingale sung from a tree,  
 At the foot of a rock when the river was flowing,  
 I sat myself down by the side of the Dee.

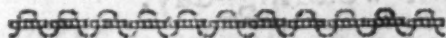
Flow on lovely Dee, flow on thou sweet river,  
 Thy banks purest stream shall be dear to me ever,  
 Where I first gain'd the affection and favour,  
 Of Jemmy the pride of the banks of the Dee.

now he's gone from me, & left me thus mourning,  
 to quell the proud rebels, for valiant is he,  
 yet there's no hopes of his speedy returning,  
 to wander again on the banks of the Dee.

's gone hapless youth o'er the loud roaring billows  
 the sweetest and kindest of all the brave fellows,  
 and has left me to mourn among the lov'd willows,  
 the lonliest maid on the banks of the Dee.

time and my prayers perhaps may restore him,  
 best peace may restore my dear shepherd to me;  
 when he comes home with such care I'll watch o'er him,  
 he never shall quit the sweet banks of the Dee.

the Dee then shall flow, all its beauties displaying,  
 the lambs on the banks shall again be seen playing,  
 while I and my Jemmy are carelessly straying,  
 and tasting the sweets of the banks of the Dee.



## BANKS of SHANNON.

IN summer when the leaves were green,  
 And blossoms deck'd each tree,  
 Young Teddy then declar'd his love,  
 His artless love to me;

on Shannon's flow'ry banks we sat,  
 And there he told his tale,  
 Dear Patty, softest of thy sex,  
 Oh let fond love prevail.

Oh! well-a-day! you see me pine,  
 In sorrow and despair,



Yet heed me not then let me die,  
And end my grief and care.  
Ah! no, dear youth, I softly said,  
Such love demands my thanks,  
And here I vow eternal truth,  
On Shannon's flow'ry banks.

3 Again we vow'd eternal truths,  
On Shannon's flow'ry banks,  
With joy we gather'd sweetest flowers,  
And play'd such artless pranks;  
But woe is me, the press gang came,  
And forc'd my Ned away,  
Just when we nam'd next morning fair,  
To be our wedding-day.

4 My love, he cry'd, they force he hence,  
But still my heart is thine,  
All peace be yours my gentle Pat,  
While war and toil is thine;  
With riches I'll return to thee—  
I sobb'd out words of thanks,  
And then we vow'd eternal truth,  
On Shannon's flow'ry banks.

5 Once more we vow'd eternal truth,  
On Shannon's flow'ry banks,  
Alas! I saw him sail away,  
To join the hostile ranks;

From morn to eve for twelve dull months,  
His absence sad I mourn'd,  
The peace was made the ship came back,  
But Teddy ne'er return'd:

His beauteous face and manly form,  
Has won a nobler fair,  
My Teddy's false and I forlorn,  
Must die in sad despair;  
The gentle maidens, see me laid,  
While you stand round in ranks,  
And plant a willow o'er my head,  
On Shannon's flow'ry banks.

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The ROLLING SAILOR.

SAILORS they get all the money,  
Soldiers they get nought but brass,  
We do love a jolly failor,  
Once I was a sailor's lass.

My mother sent me to the well,  
O my little rolling he;  
I will have a jolly failor,  
Blythe and merry may he be.

My mother sent me to the well,  
To get some water for my tea,

My foot slipt, and down I fell,  
The sailor fell on top of me.

Don't you see the ship a coming?  
Don't you see her in full sail?  
Don't you see the ship Britannia?  
With the prizes at her tail.

Oftentimes my mother told me,  
Sailors they would win my heart;  
I never minded tho' she told me,  
But would always take their part.

It was in the month of February,  
When the green leaves they did spring  
The little lambs did skip like fairies,  
Birds did couple, build and sing.  
The rose is red, the violet's blue,  
Carnation's sweet and so are you.  
O my little, &c.

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